

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOWN BY THE SUNRISE.

Brother and sister, how do you do,
Down by the sunrise, playing on the golden harp ?
Very well, how are you,
Down by the sunrise, playing on the golden harp ?

Glory ! I'm travelling down by the sunrise,
Playing on the golden harp.

As I was going down the road,
Down by the sunrise, playing on the golden harp,
I met Old Gabriel with a heavy load,
Down by the sunrise, playing on the golden harp.

Glory ! I'm travelling down by the sunrise,
Playing on the golden harp.

I say, old man, how do you do,
Down by the sunrise, playing on the golden harp ?
Go way, nigger man, I don't know you !
Down by the sunrise, playing on the golden harp.

Glory ! I'm travelling down by the sunrise,
Playing on the golden harp.

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